

To the KING:

Congratulatory

POEM.

We are we
Your loyal
And we are
And we are
And we are



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TO THE
KING:
A
Congratulatory
POEM.

D READ Sir, since it has pleas'd the Pow'rs above,
To take the other Object of our Love;
Forgive me, if the mighty Happiness,
We now enjoy, but know not to express,
Transports a Muse from mourning *CHARLES* his Fate,
Your Reign in Numbers to Congratulate.
With Tears of Gratitude, that *DUTY* paid,
Accept what our Just *GRIEF* till now delay'd,

Great King, the Greatest *Britain* ever knew,
Since *Cæsar* not to conquer came, but view;
In whom at once indisputably shine
All Vertues, that can make a Man Divine:

From one unworthy a more near Access,
 Receive this Humble, Innocent Address.
 Not such as every little, trembling Slave,
 To the Usurper in your Absence gave;
 False Fires, like Meteors, kindled to deceive,
 Behind them stink, and Darkness, only Leave.
 But from an Heart that flows with Loyal Blood,
 Deriv'd from Ancestors, not Great, but Good;
 By Inclination, more than Duty bound,
 Almighty Love, which ever has been found
 A stronger Tye, the Subjects Faith to awe,
 Than all the well-wrought Fetters of the Law.

Great Sir, the Glories of your Future Reign,
 Rise to my sight like some Vast, Boundless Plain,
 In which the different Objects we descry,
 At once attract, amaze, and please the Eye.
 At the entrance where we take our View, with Fear
 We find a mighty Precipice appear;
 Dreadfully steep, Horrid to look upon,
 Like the rough Dangers that did wait your Throne.
 But unconcern'd on the calm Top you fate,
 Plac'd by the Gods, above the Reach of Fate.
 As you deserv'd, were always Heaven's Care,
 Nor in the midst of Ruine did despair.
 You gave all Proofs of being truly Wise,
 Fac'd ev'ry Danger, Fortune did despise;

Bore all her Changes with an equal Mind,
 And made her impotent, as well as Blind,
 Hard by a Noble, useful River flows,
 Enriching all the Country as it goes,
 And in its Tardy, but Majestick Course,
 Shews us your Naval Victories, and Force.
Shernefs, and *Filbury*, the Banks secure,
 From the False *Dutch* no more Affronts endure;
 Against invading Foes a sure Defence,
 And fit to curb Domestique Insolence.
 Not far from thence to massie Chains fast ty'd,
 Your strong built Ships, in proper Stations ride;
 All fram'd of *English* Oke, for service made,
 The Nations Bulwarks, Guardians of our Trade.
 The Ancient Admirals in Battle torn,
 Have valiant *Monck*, and Fiercer *Rupert* born,
 Both Sons of Mars, but both behind in Fame
 To you, Great Sir, your *Britain's* First, Best Name:
 Whose well-weigh'd Courage, and experienc'd Zeal,
 To their own Cost the neighb'ring States can tell,
 Just to your Friends, too gentle to your Foes,
 Your long unbroken Course, of Victory shows,
 What Miseries fancie Common-wealths attend,
 When Godlike Patient Monarchs they offend.

But to resume our well forsaken Theme,
 And tell what more adorns the Silver stream;

Your spacious Yards, and Docks for Building made,
 And crowded Stores are next to be survey'd.
 Here monstrous Cables are in Circles roll'd,
 Your Floating Castles strong enough to hold,
 Fastned to Anchors of Prodigious size,
 They mock the Anger of the Seas, and Skies.
 Your Brawny Cyclops these on Anvils frame,
 Repeated strokes the stubborn Metal tame.
 Some heave the mighty Bellows, others wet
 The Coals, exciting an Intenser Heat.
 Some with huge Tongs turn the yet-unform'd Mass,
 Into vast Molds, some lead the Ductile Brass.
 All with united Force at once conspire
 To shew the strange effects of Skill, and Fire.

Chain-shot, and Thund'ring Cannon they prepare,
 Where the Bold Artist to Perfection brings
 Those modern, murd'ring Instruments of War,
 The last, but not worst Arguments of Kings.

What next the wondring Eye with Pleasure meets,
 Are the Materials of succeeding Fleets.
 Of useful timber, a stupendious Pile,
 Planted to Beautifie, and Guard your Isle.
 Those Rebels, who your Father's Reign annoy'd,
 Short fruits of Prosp'rous Villany enjoy'd,
 The Woods that should Defend them, they destroy'd.
 You, Sir, your Country's Father, with just Care,
 Know when to use your Stores, and when to spare.

Forrests of Northern Fir, and Brittish Oke,
 Obey your Orders, and the Builders stroke.
 They but perform the Low, Mechanick Part,
 You are the Genius, Sir, the Soul, the Heart,
 The labour theirs, yours the Design, and Art.
 For since th' Almighty Architect inspir'd
Noah to build the Ship, to which retir'd
 The Remnant of the delug'd World,
 No Rev'rend History a Prince can tell,
 Who Fleets e're us'd, or understood so well.

In vain your Neighbour on the other side,
 With fruitless labour, and deluded Pride,
 Into Good Harbours would his Rocks improve,
 And from Chok'd Ports returning Sands remove.

'Tis easier far for him to exercise
 His little frauds upon the Continent,

To set up Chambers of Dependencies,
 Where unjust Sentences his Bounds augment.
 Great *JAMES!* to whom by Arms, and Title too,
 The Empire of the Liquid World is due:
 Can when he pleases his own Ocean free
 From the Incroachments of the *Dieu Donnée*.
 To *Brest* and *Rochfort* can his Fleets confine,
 Or intercept the Squadrons e're they joyn.
 By threatning War, can check his vast Design,
 And call his Armies from the *Po*, and *Rhine*.

Can useless make his present Naval Power,
 And, as Bright *Gloriana* heretofore;
 Command the Haughty Prince to Build no more,

You to your *Rome* a true *Augustus* are,
 Like him, you close the Iron Doors of War.
 The Sov'raign Arbitrer of *Europe* stand,
 Poising the Scales in your Impartial Hand.
 Th' *Italian*, *German*, *Spaniard*, and the *Gaul*,
 When you prescribe, their ancient Feuds let fall.
 If Northern Kings fall out, your Word alone
 Sends gladsome Peace to cheer the frozen Zone.
 Thus Foreign Nations, by your Prudence thrive,
 Nor less advantage does your own receive.
 Where e're they spread themselves i'th' East, or West,
 With your propitious Influence they are Blest.
 Not *Greece*, nor *Rome* such Colonies could boast,
 So firmly settled, and so seldom Lost.
 Then for their safety you such Laws provide,
 As none but your own *Britains* know beside.

No fordid ends of Avarice you pursue,
 But where your prosperous Arms your Pow'r extend,
 You propagate the Faith which you defend,
 Calm the Old World, and Civilize the New.

Pardon me, Sir, that I so long forbear
 One signal Instance of your Gen'rous Care:

That

That as in Fruitful Regions some you plant,
 You rescue others from Distress, and want.
 So equal Thanks, to the kind Gods are due,
 Who first create, and then preserve us too.
 Long time in vain the Valiant English lay
 Expos'd to Faithless *Mobrs*, an easie Prey.
 Lost to their Country, they in Desarts spent
 Their useles lives, till Loyal *Dartmouth* sent
 By your Advice, the Shatter'd Reliques bore
 From *Africk's* scorch'd, inhospitable Shore.
 An Action in each Circumstance as Great,
 As the *Athenian* Gen'als fam'd Retreat.
 No less true Courage, no less Conduct shown,
 In our Illustrious English *Xenophon*.

To those abroad who serve you if so kind,
 At Home what Hourly Blessings may we find,
 From the Just Temper of your God-like Mind?

Not Parents of their Children, Lovers of
 The first Dear Object of their youthful Flame,
 Half so Indulgent, half so Tender prove,
 As you of each Mans Fortune, Life, and Fame.
 The young, and Bold, who are for Action fit,
 To the pursuit of Honour you excite;
 The few who Merit, seldom miss Reward,
 The many wretched are not Hope debar'd.
 What Soldier will decline the Camp, or Field?
 For whose Emerit Age you *Chelfey* build,

Where you the Wrecks of Humane Life repair,
And pay with Glorious Ease the Toils of War.

But, Sir, we must not here your Vertues bound,
All Arts have you their firm Protector found,
All useful Knowledge to such height refin'd,
We lagging leave the tir'd Old Schools behind;
And Future Times to Ours this Blessing owe,
They need but practise, what from us they know.
Witness the Place, within whose Famous VValls,
To conqu'ring Truth, old Error prostrate falls.
VVhere, led by you, the Hero's of the Age,
With Dint of Reason, Ignorance ingage.
Sagacious *Henshaw*, *Hoskins*, Noble *Boyle*,
And *Wren* the *Archimedes* of our Isle.
VVith *Sylva's* Author, who the Brittish Oke
Has taught to plant, since *Charles* there Refuge took
A sacred Tree.
The Learned here on Trust no Notions take,
But deep researches into Nature make.
Pursue her close in all her winding ways,
On sound Experiments their Systems raise.
Reveal her Treasures freely to the wise,
And veil her Secrets from prophaner Eyes.
In Gratitude, what Altars should we rear?
VVhat Vows, what Victims to those Altars bear?
Old *Rome* for much less Benefits than these,
Call'd, whilst alive, her *Cæsars* Deities;

And

And were we not convinc'd, a Pow'r to own,
 To those Illustrious Heathens then unknown:
 We with more Reason might our *JAMES* adore,
 Than they, their most deserving Emperor.
 Joy of our Hearts, sole Pleasure of our Eyes,
 With Whose auspicious Reign, our Spirits rise.
 By long experience dear to us before,
 Now Dearer for a thousand Reasons more.
 Welcome, as Light to those in Dungeons pent,
 As Pardon to despairing Wretches sent,
 As Home to Men recall'd from Banishment.
 But your one Life, we of the Gods implore,
 In granting that, they all things else restore.

The many Peopled World one God obeys.
 The Scepter of the Air one Eagle sways.
 One Gen'rous Lyon ranges through the VWood.
 One mighty Whale is Monarch of the Flood.
 Our *JAMES* the Great, Patron of Arms, and Arts,
 Commands the Brittish Seas, and Shores, and Hearts.